



"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

God plowed one day with an earth-quake,
And drove his furrows deep;
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountain's secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
They sing it down to the valleys
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of
beauty,
The home of his grace;
He spreads his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music,
Of footfalls echoing long;
And carry majestic greetings
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He hath woven the zones together
In robes for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers;
Nests for his flying cloud;
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free and proud.

The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day.

And, lo! I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all,
This faith that life's hard moments
When the jarring sorrows befall.

Are but God plowing his mountains;
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness,
And His peace everlasting to me.

NOTES.

Speculation is rife as to whether Robert Grant's title to his new book, "Unleavened Bread," means the hard, dry and unpalatable kind, or that referred to by St. Paul as "the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." If the latter is inferred, the reader will probably conclude that it is not.

Those of the readers of "Bob, Son of Battling," who sent for pictures of that dashing collier will be pleased to know that Alfred Ollivant, the author of the story, was thoroughly pleased with them.

William H. Brett, librarian of the Cleveland public library, estimates that there are now in the public libraries of the United States about 40,000,000 volumes. This is an increase since 1875 of 25,000,000 volumes, which enormous increase he attributes to legislation authorizing taxation for free libraries and to the enormous private benefactions by modern millionaires.

Marie Corell has two books in the hands of publishers to be issued this fall, one a short story which was contracted for before her late illness, the very explanatory title, "Boy: A Sketch." The other book, which will be published by Dodd Mead & Co., is to be called "The Master Christian."

Julian Ralph, whose letters to the South Africa Herald from the front in South Africa are familiar to many, has combined a selection from these with other material to form a record of the Boer war under the title of "Towards Pretoria."

Students of Tennyson are much interested over the discovery in an old box in Sheffield, England, which for 60 years had lain unnoticed, of a number of letters from Tennyson and Arthur Hallam (the subject of "In Memoriam") to W. H. Brookfield (Old Brooks), together with portions of manuscripts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott." The postmarks on the letters bear date 1832 and 1833, which was shortly after Tennyson left Cambridge.

The Peel heirlooms, which were sold at auction in London about three weeks ago and which consisted principally of valuable works of art, realized £300,000 in two days, one pair of Van Dyck's bringing 24,250 guineas, or about \$121,500.

After all that has been said of "Hilda Wade," that posthumous story of the late Grant Allen of which Dr. Conan Doyle was commissioned to write the final chapter, it appears that there is still another last word of the novelist to come. Novelist is scarcely the adequate word to apply to one who was so many things—and each one excellent—in life and literature, but it is as a maker of fiction that his name has been brought up again of late. It seems that the New Amsterdam Book company has in preparation a title Tyrolean story called "The Linnet," wherein character is depicted with all of Mr. Allen's old-time happy directness.

A correspondent of the London Academy writes to furnish one of those illuminating little notes so instant in appeal to one's appreciation that

YOUNGEST POLITICIAN.



Francis Marriott, of Delaware, Ohio, has had an experience of only six years, but already he is prominent in politics. He holds a regular commission as an officer of the Buckeye State, Governor Nash just having appointed him superintendent of squirrels in the State House grounds, at Columbus.

the writer, comes to English readers like an old-world breath of Chaucerian sweetness.

Mr. Anthony Hope is said to have made a new departure for him, in his latest story, which F. A. Stokes & Co. is to bring out in the autumn. On this occasion it will not appear serially, as has been the common custom with his work.

It is recounted by a contemporary that when Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was first published, the booksellers of that day, one hundred and forty years ago, with considerable indignation, returned to the publisher as imperfect their copies of the volume containing the sheet of marbled paper that was inserted to take the place of the page Uncle Toby was supposed to have torn out in a pet. The Macmillan company is having a similar experience with their edition of the work in the handsome English Classics series. At least half a dozen copies have been returned with the request that perfect copies be substituted, and all because of that insertion of the marbled paper leaf.

These who are fortunate enough to own the two little music books so richly illustrated in color by Walter Crane and published in London some twenty years ago, with the titles of "The Baby's Opera Book" and "The Baby's Bouquet," will be specially delighted to learn that Frederick Warne & Co. have in preparation for the next holiday season a book of old songs, decorated by Walter Crane and set to music by Th. Marsia.

"The Red Rat's Daughter" is a pretty title to set beside "The Black Wolf's Bride," for instance, in the zoological exhibition the bookseller is permitted to offer the public this season. Mr. Guy Boothby is the author of the first-mentioned work, of which the scenes are diversely laid in London, Paris, Hong Kong and Siberia, and which is to be published at once by the New Amsterdam Book company.

The London Academy recommends Mr. Churton Collins' edition of the early poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson as one of the most instructive volumes that a young poet, or any young writer can put on his shelves. It shows in footnotes all the alterations of phrase and melody which Tennyson introduced into these poems in successive editions, and in a scholarly introduction Mr. Collins summarizes the literary effect produced by these alterations. The student can thus follow step by step the process by which Tennyson wrought a poem to its final beauty. Take, as an instance, the alteration in the lines in the "Dream of Fair Women":

"One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly—and then no more."

"The bright death quivered at the victim's throat
Touch'd, and I knew no more."

Mr. John Lane announces the publication of a book that is sure to make something of a stir even among those, when people are lapsing into a torpidity regarding the moral questions involved in the taking of our new possessions. This is a work bearing the challenging title of "The Fifth Mary," a story of the Crime of the 4th February, 1899. The writer is Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an English barrister, who had occasion to visit Manila at the very time of the occurrence of the events that changed entirely the political aspects of affairs. His narrative is therefore that of an eye-witness. He is careful to explain in his preface that: "Before he sailed for Manila (from Hong Kong) he had no intention of committing his views or opinions to paper, or of criticizing American policy or American discipline in the Philippines. He went there merely from idle curiosity to see the islands and the people." In consequence of what he saw being enacted in the Philippines, Mr. Sheridan decided to stay until he could collect sufficient information, carefully verified, so that he might place on record, without animus, a statement of those events, for the benefit of the American people, who should be made to see the thing as it is.

BOOKS.

"The Monk and the Dancer" is the title of a volume of short stories by Arthur Cosslett Smith. There is a daring disregard of probability, not to speak of improbability, in some of these immensely clever tales. In some the imagination flows in such a free and easy manner, that the reader is lulled into a false sense of security, but they are all brilliantly epigrammatic, pungent and provoking in the fullest flavored manner. There are moments Stevensonian, fragments of Henry James, scraps of first Harz and Richard Davis. Yet it cannot be said that this bright aspirant for public favor is merely imitative—far from it. He has his own quality, but he is fully instructed with the ripeness of our time, its necessity for wide allusion, knowledge of men and customs and books and the gossip of the world. Mr. Smith will find many readers, and as many admirers, who will look for all he can furnish of entrees so agreeable and so savory among the familiar roast and boiled and the common kitchen of the literary feast. Of course these little plates are made dishes. They do not pretend to be productions of the soil or the pasture—strictly artificial delicacies that are meant to tickle the palate, not to feed or strengthen the inner man. The leading story indeed might claim to have no emotional quality, inasmuch as it nominally deals with some of the primitive elements of human feeling. But it is so essentially sudden, so dramatic, even scenic, that it need scarcely disturb the serenity of cheerful enjoyment of its surprises and clear-cut contrasts, which might indeed be asking if they could be taken seriously.

A Continental Cavalier is the title of a book by Kimball Scribner. We are told in a biographical sketch prefixed to this volume by the publishers that the author's first volume was issued in 1897. It is now 1900, and here we have Mr. Scribner's sixth venture in fiction. Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Clinton Ross have been the authors of the greater rate of speed, but who reads their fluent narratives a second time? Mr. Scribner writes just as fluently, so far as we can see, if not with quite so much vigor, but his work has even less staying power than theirs. The tale is of the period of the American Revolution, and does not lack for incident, but the dialogue is often so stilted as to be impossible, as may be seen from the following taken at random:

"I thought to find you on the road," replied Clark. "You are of the Carolinas?"

"A smile touched the corners of the other's mouth. 'Twas the picket told me as I had; 'know you of Bourmont House'?"

"I am bound thither," answered Clark, hence, as you surmised, learning from the picket that a messenger was here, I made haste to overtake him."

"Is it a letter from Captain Bourmont?"

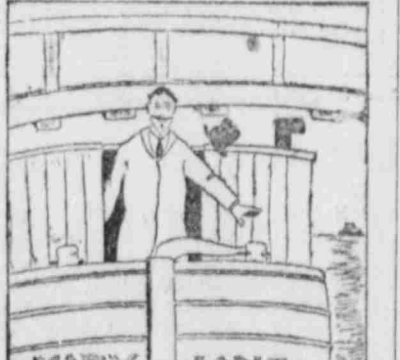
"The other nodded, saying: 'Which I am in haste to deliver, for before another half-hour the fort will be in our hands. We feel quite sure that an American sergeant and a wood-ranger would not have conversed in this copybook fashion in 1781, any more than a man of that day would have said as McHenry does on page 22, 'the man's nerve is wonderful.' There was nerve enough, but to spare in those days, but it bore another name. Probably the uncritical reader will not be troubled by the lack of literary quality in the book, but Mr. Scribner wishes to be taken seriously as a novelist he cannot afford to neglect style altogether in the future."

The title, "The Immortal Garland," by Anna Roberts, is a story of a woman, a woman, and perhaps it is as well that such was chosen for the story. This purports to be a story of American life. If it is to be taken as such, then American life is at a low ebb. The second shift from the Jersey to New Hampshire. It was an error of judgment not to select New Guinea for the main field of action. The book appears in the Town and Country Library, but town and country are but poorly depicted in its pages. These are filled with what seems to have been fancied to be smart talk. Too often by far this becomes offensive.

A "player's edition" of Augustin Daly's production of the "Taming of the Shrew" has been issued by Doubleday Page & Co. in a neat volume with an introduction written by Ada Rehan, and with the text embellished with handsome half-tone portraits of the gifted actress herself, John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert besides several scenes from the comedy. The paper is good, the type clear, and the book altogether an excellent production.

MAGAZINES.

Sidney Jerrold's "G. P." is the title of a clever story which opens this week's number of the Youth's Companion. It



"Look out!" cried the captain, as the canal-boat was passing under a low bridge. A Frenchman immediately put his head out of the cabin window to look, and got a severe blow. Rubbing his head ruefully, he cried: "Why do these Vankees call look out when they mean look in?"

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SEN. HENRY CABOT LODGE, MASSACHUSETTS.



is a tale of a young nurse's experience in a hospital where she is forced to meet the many "cases" that come under her care, as well as the strict discipline of the institution with a feeling of half disgust and rebellion that keeps her irritated and unsatisfied with her life, till an experience with a patient in which her skilful nursing goes far towards preserving his eyesight and which wins for her his touching and undying gratitude makes her realize that the work of her vocation is a great privilege inasmuch as it enables one to be of aid to suffering human beings. "In the Marche Aux Fleurs" by Caspar Whitney, has nine illustrations in four colors by Edward Penfield. It is the season when the road calls with more than siren power, and "Early Road Driving and its Patrons" is a welcome reminder of other Junes and other men. June, too, claims pole for its own, and the "Educating of a Polo Pony" comes from the pen of Owen Wister, fitted with the serious comic perforce of this edited writer. June, too, is when "How to Lay Out and Care for a Golf Course" is reasonable, and "The Why and Wherefore of the Pulse of Golf" will be understood as explained by C. B. Macdonald, a member of the N. G. A. rules committee. Anglers will find in "A Bit About Bass" a wealth of practical knowledge, and "The Evolution of the Trout and Artificial Fly" explains many of a trout's habits, while "The Water Wolf" is a reminiscence of the muskallonge in June. "On the Big Sea Water" tells of a cruise in Georgian Bay, the most picturesque of American yachting waters. "In Woodland's Byways" is a delightful morning's walk through the Chautauquan woods, beautifully embellished by J. Oliver Nugent. "The Road and its Reward" is a dainty blustering idyl. More adven-

turous spirits will follow the fortunes of "Twenty-four Hours in the Ropes," an account of the Matterhorn, and the absorbing "Jungle Duel," a tiger fight to the death. Still others, with equal pleasure, will read of "The Singing Gibbon," a vocal ape of the Philippines, and George Wharton James' "Dance," a mystic ceremony of a strange people on the mesas of Arizona.

The June number of "The Bookman" (the summer reading number) has a special cover by G. C. Parker, and contains among other articles a valuable paper on "The Boer War," by Spencer Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson, as is well known, is the military critic of the London Post.

Other papers in this issue are:

"The Yiddish Theater in New York," by Hutchins Haggood; an article by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis (of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn), on the successful new novel, "The Redemption of David Goliath," by Professor Harry Thurston Peck; a paper on Mrs. Dudley and Almer Maude's article on Count Tolstol.

Simultaneous with the reannouncement of the Paris Observatory is a special cover by G. C. Parker, and contains among other articles a valuable paper on "The Boer War," by Spencer Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson, as is well known, is the military critic of the London Post.

It is not general known that attached to the staff of the Paris Observatory is an American astronomer, Miss Dorothy Klumpke of California. In November last, in company with a friend and astronomer, Miss Klumpke made an ascension from the city of Paris with the purpose of observing the expected shower of Leonids. Her experience of "A Night in a Balloon," on a trip which extended to the border of the sea, will be narrated by her in the June Century, with illustrations by Castaigne, drawn under her directions, and with a portrait of the writer.

The June number of Vick's Magazine

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is of special interest to rose growers. The frontispiece is a handsome colored plate of the new hybrid tea rose Liberty, which was shown at the great rose exhibition in New York in March last. The plants of this variety have been offered to the public this spring for the first time. Other new roses are illustrated and described, so that the reader is kept abreast of the times in relation to the principal new rose introductions. Much other rose matter is distributed through its pages and very excellent instructions for the culture of garden roses.

Unnecessary Loss of Time.
Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winterport, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the drugstore and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at his work."

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